Pand. Ist possible: no sooner got but lost, the diuell take *Anthenor*, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon *Anthenor*, I would they had brok's neck.

Enter Cress. How now? what's the matter? who was heere?

Pand. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly, wher's my Lord? gone? tell me sweete Vncle, whats the matter.

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Cres. O the Gods, whats the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst neere been borne, I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore Gentleman, a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

Cres. Good vncle, I beseech you on my knees, whats the matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*. Thou must to thy father and bee gone from *Troylus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vncle. I haue forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinitie,
No kinne, no loue, no bloud, no soule so neere me
As the sweete *Troylus*. O you gods diuine,
Make *Cresseids* name the very crowne of falsehood,
If euer she leaue *Troylus*. Time, force and death,
Do to this body what extreames you can:
But the strong base, and building of my loue,
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weepe.

Pand. Do, do.

Cres. Teare my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheekes,
Crack my cleare voyce with sobs, and breake my heart,
With sounding *Troylus*: I will not go from Troy.

Enter Paris, Troyl. Æneas, Deiphob, Anth. Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt,
For her deliuery to this valiant Greeke,
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troylus*

Tell

Tell you the Lady wh
And hast her to the p
Troy. Walke into h
Ile bring her to the C
And to his hand whe
Thinke it an altar, an
A priest there offring
Paris. I know wha
And would, as I shall
Please you walke in
Enter
Pan: Be moderate
Cres. Why tell yo
The greife is fine, full
And violenteth in a
As that which causet
If I could temporize
Or brew it to a weak
The like alayment co
My loue admittes n
No more my griefe i

Pan. Here, here, he
Cres Oh *Troylus*,
Pan. What a paire
Oh heart, as the goo
why sighst thou wit
gaine, because thou
nor by speaking: th
way nothing, for we
We see it, we see it, h
Troy. *Cressid* I lo
That the blest Gods
More bright in zea
Cold lippes blow to
Cres. Haue the G
Pan. I, I, I, I, tis to
Cres. And is it tr